"THE TRUTH SHALL MAKE YOU FREE."—CHRIST.

The Christian Freeman.

A MONTHLY UNITARIAN JOURNAL.

DEVOTED TO RELIGIOUS, MORAL, AND SOCIAL PROGRESS.

No 11.—VOL. XXI.] NOVEMBER, 1877. [NEW SERIES.—PRICE 1½d.

Notes of the Month.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

A COMMUNIST is defined as being one who "wants to earn his bread by the sweat of another fellow's brow."

THE German papers announce the death of a schoolmaster named Johann Ernst Luther, a direct descendant of Martin Luther.

A METHODIST in Lancashire was lately talking in a shop of the superstition of the Roman Catholics in believing in the doctrine of purgatory, when the shop-boy, who was a Catholic, inquired, "Would he not be a better father who put his child into purgatory, than one that put his son in hell for ever and ever?" The Methodist seemed puzzled.

THE worst heresy is a bad life. We believe the most of our readers will agree with the following from an "orthodox" source:—"A good Sadducee is better than a bad Pharisee; a devout infidel is better than an undevout Christian; a sweet sinner is better than a sour saint. In morals or in religion this truth is primary, and not to be proved but assumed. Badness is not to be argued with, but to be rebuked. So with all conceit, and especially that most detestable of all, religious conceit."

THE other day the Rev. Hugh Stowell Brown told an anecdote of the argument that did prevail. There was a man who attended the Free Church of a Mr. McLachlan, and he paid his addresses to a young woman who belonged to the Establishment, under a Mr. Dunlop, who did not like the idea of the young woman being taken from his church. About half-past ten one night, when Mr. Dunlop had gone to bed, the pair went to his house to be married. The minister put his head out of the window, and after listening to the request, peremptorily refused compliance. A large fee was offered, but all in vain. At length the man exclaimed, "Mr. Dunlop, if ye'll only come down and marry me and Jennie, I'll gang nae mair to McLachlan's."

FROM Ireland we hear that the Rev. Francis Hogan, a Roman Catholic priest, has publicly renounced his connection with the Church of Rome.

A MINISTER at Hull has been ordered to find a surety in £50 for using threats. Some people think the threat of an endless fire in the pulpit may hereafter be amenable to law.

SOMEONE says that "fashion slaughters its subjects like a Dahomey king. . . A wicked philosophy can ransack a house and empty it as quickly as a regiment of Turks. One would rather be beggared by a fashion than by a dishonest man, but the beggary in each case is the same fact, it is painfully complete."

DURING the recent riots at Pittsburg a boy in the telegraph office illustrated calmness, bravery, and common sense. This is what is reported of August Doudel, telegraph operator, who was shut up in the Pittsburg Railroad office. He kept on telegraphing, doing his duty, without the slightest regard to the mob surrounding him. They could not drive him away so long as the connecting wires responded to his hand. When at last they fired the building, he quietly, and with a touch of humour, sent his last message:—"Fire's too hot; good night."

A FATHER was walking one day in the fields with his two children. The wind was blowing over a fine field of ripe corn, and making the beautiful golden ears wave like the waves of the sea. "Is it not surprising," said one of the children, "that the wind does not break the slender stalks of the corn?" "My child," said the father, "see how flexible the stalks are. They bend before the wind and rise again when it has passed over them. See, too, how they help to support each other. A single stalk would soon be bent to the ground, but so many growing close together help to keep each other up. If we keep together when the troubles of life come on us like a stormy wind, we shall keep each other up, when one trying to stand alone would fall."

God takes care of his own in a way we know not. He speaks to the departing in a silence we may not break.

The American Methodist Church reports that Dr. Pearce, a clergyman nearly one hundred years old, is in admirable health and travelling considerable distances, and preaching with much vigour.

How temporary the influence of a sermon often is, is shown in a contemporary in the following way:—"Oh, my dear," she sighed, "wasn't it a beautiful sermon? However people can be worldly after being absorbed by that rushing cataract of grace I don't know." This was uttered by an estimable lady to a friend as she was passing out of a fashionable sanctuary, and squeezing the thin end of a Lilliputian tear on to a delicate lace handkerchief. "So spiritual and heavenly," she continued, as they walked away; "it was really melting. And oh, my dear," she added, "I hear positively that they've struck it at last in Mexican—real rich ore—and if you can buy it to-morrow for twelve get a hundred. It's bound to go up. Good-bye. God bless you, darling. Ta, ta! Sweet sermon, wasn't it?"

Mayfair gives the following:—We had very nearly lost Lord Radstock, a gentleman who represents the purest form of the Reformed faith to be found in the peerage. He was, the other day, attending the Clifton Conference on Confession, and was sitting in a conspicuous position upon the platform, within view of the assembly, when suddenly a trap-door opened under his chair. There was a shriek; Lord Radstock's heels were seen where a moment before his head had been, and then, with a great crash, his lordship and his chair disappeared below, and the trap flew back. A horrible suspicion fell upon the Conference, for few of the Evangelical audience had ever seen anything so complete and dramatic before; and everyone looked into his neighbour's eyes for an explanation. The hair of the good Bishop Anderson stood on end, for, if the devil had flown away with an Evangelical peer, his turn might come yet. But in a few minutes it was all explained. A conjuror had had the use of the room a few days before, and this trap-door was the exit of one of his characters. The chalk marks had been rubbed off the floor, and Lord Radstock's chair had been placed where it ought not to have been. I am happy to hear that the noble lord is not much the worse for his fall. He created a profound sensation by his disappearance; but he reappeared as soon as he could be found, looking a little pale and covered with dust, but with his chair in his hand."

Everyone in the world is a teacher; every one in the world is a scholar. There is but one teacher in the universe who is not a scholar—God. God is love.

If to give multitudes of men into the hands of Satan to be tortured for ever is the best God can do with or for them, how much better is the best He can do than the worst anyone supposes Satan has power or will to accomplish?

It was a remark of Dr. Chalmers that it was well for us, at times, to be reminded of our insignificance by the presence of death. No one can deny the truth that if we die to-day the sun will shine as brightly, the birds will sing as sweetly to-morrow. Business will not be suspended a moment, and the great mass will not bestow a thought upon our memories. "Is he dead?" will be the solemn inquiry of a few, as they pass to their work. But no one will miss us except our immediate connections, and in a short time they will forget, and laugh as merrily as when we sat beside them. Thus shall we all, now active in life, pass away. Our children crowd close behind us, and they will soon pass away. In a few years not a living being can say, "I remember him." We lived in another age, and did business with those who slumber in the tomb. Thus is life! How rapidly it passes.

The death of the eminent singer, Mdlle. Titiens, has recalled a touching incident in connection with the last moments of the great pianist and composer, Frederick Chopin. The Countess Potoka was a remarkable woman; she consecrated her whole life to art. Her friendship with Chopin is well known. Weary with fatigue, she arrived at the bedside of the dying man. Alas! he had already lost consciousness; the stupor of death was upon him. She knelt beside him and prayed for one last look, one last word. After a time the dying man's eyes opened, he fixed on her a long, earnest look. Finally a light came over his countenance, and at last he recognised her. He smiled faintly and murmured, "Sing, sing!" Sadly his noble visitor complied, and going to the piano sang indeed with tears. When she stopped, the dying man, whose face was fairly illuminated, only said, "Sing! sing again!" And she sang the music the master loved. Could anything more touching be imagined than the friends of the dying man kneeling beside the bed of the dying musician, while this noble dame, this great artist, sang with an inspired voice. Once again she stopped, and turning his eyes towards her the poet murmured, "It is beautiful," and with these last words the spirit left the body.

An ounce of love is worth a ton of power, violence, or might, for the government of either the individual or the world at large.

The poetical revenge of a lady who was driven from the office of postmistress is thus described:—"She clenched her little hand and vowed that the proudest jewel in her crown would be that she had received the hatred of such a people."

A Sunday-school teacher, who must have a very thoughtful and clever class, reports that, instructing his class on the third petition of the Lord's Prayer, said to them, "You have told me, my dear children, what is to be done—the will of God; and where it is to be done—on earth; how it is to be done—as it is done in heaven. How do you think the angels do the will of God in heaven, as they are to be our pattern?" The first child replied, "They do it immediately." The second, "They do it diligently." The third, "They do it always." The fourth, "They do it with all their hearts." The fifth, "They do it all together." Here a pause ensued, and no other child appeared to have any answer, but after some time a little girl arose and said, "Why, sir, they do it without asking any questions."

Dr. Willis, in a recently published volume, thus describes the last hours of Servetus, the martyr:—"When he came in sight of the fatal pile, the wretched Servetus prostrated himself on the ground, and for a while was absorbed in prayer. Rising and advancing a few steps he found himself in the hands of the executioner, by whom he was made to sit on a block, his feet just touching the ground. His body was then bound to the stake behind him by several turns of an iron chain, whilst his neck was secured in like manner by the coils of a hempen rope. His two books—the one in manuscript sent to Calvin in confidence six or eight years before for his strictures, and a copy of the one lately printed at Vienne—were then fastened to his waist, and his head was encircled in mockery with a chaplet of straw and green twigs bestrewed with brimstone. The deadly torch was then applied to the fagots and flashed in his face; and the brimstone catching, and the flames rising, wrung from the victim such a cry of anguish as struck terror into the surrounding crowd. After this he was bravely silent; but the wood being purposely green, although the people aided the executioner in heaping the faggots upon him a long half hour elapsed before he ceased to show signs of life and suffering. Immediately before giving up the ghost, with a last expiring effort he cried aloud, 'Jesu, Thou Son of the eternal God, have compassion on me.'"

An evidence of a reformation going on among the costmongers of London is pointed out by a writer in the *Times* thus:—"Having occasion to pass through Whitecross-street on Thursday evening, my attention was attracted to some fine turnips on a costermonger's barrow. Retaining my boyish fondness for a raw turnip, I at once selected one, and, putting my hand into my pocket, paid, as I thought, two halfpence, the price charged. I had scarcely advanced a hundred yards, when a tap on my shoulder caused me to halt; and, lo, the woman from whom I had made my late purchase accosted me. 'What did you give me?' she said. I told her as above, when she opened her hand and displayed two bright shillings which I had given her by mistake, and which she now returned. Thanking the woman for her honesty, I rectified the matter, reflecting on my way home that the labours of Lord Shaftesbury and his worthy coadjutors among the costermongers could not have been spent in vain; for the cleanliness, civility, and 'honour bright' of these small traders are very evident to those who knew the locality ten years ago."

A THANKSGIVING HYMN FOR HARVEST HOME.

How rich thy bounties, Glorious King,
In heaven, and earth below;
With thankful hearts Thy praise we sing,
For much Thou dost bestow.

Like to a tender Father Thou
Dost every want supply,
Safe and at peace repose we now,
Beneath our Father's eye.

If but the sun withhold its rays,
Nor longer cheer the vale,
How mournfully we'd spend our days,
And sad the loss bewail.

But should our God His grace withhold,
Or any good deny;
Nor earthly toys, nor earthly gold,
The loss could e'er supply.

But blessed be His Holy name,
No fear that He will e'er
His goodness, or His grace restrain,
From those who in it share.

Come then, ye children of His grace,
And in your Father's ear,
Pour forth the strains of joy and love,
And shed the grateful tear.

Obey His voice whene'er He speaks,
And praise His wondrous deeds;
He who celestial goodness finds
No other comfort needs.

Eliza Haddock, *Horncastle.*

THE CAPTAIN'S SACRIFICE.

DURING the stormy days and nights of this season of the year how many brave fellows, indeed the bravest of men, find a watery grave. Heroic souls are these, who snatch a hard living from the perilous seas. Such a one was George Manly. He had begun life as the son of a skipper, working his way by manly independence and straightforward honesty, until at twenty-seven he was master of his own schooner and had placed his mother above want.

He was hurrying home one night through the darkened streets of the city, having just entered port.

It was a bitter night. Suddenly he heard a cry, and turning saw a woman sink fainting on the pavement. It was an old woman, in the dress of the poorer class, carrying a bundle.

"Where do you live?" he inquired of her kindly.

"I was going to 150, Mount-street," she gasped, "to Captain Archer's. Let me go, good people. The captain is sick, and he needs me."

"You cannot walk."

"I will," replied the stout old creature. "I was his nurse, and he needs me."

"I'll get a cab and take her up," said Manly. "Make her wait."

So they retained her while he hurried out to get a cab, and when it came they drove to 150, Mount-street, and Manly went up the steps, half carrying the old lady, who was still weak.

"You are very kind," replied the girl, in a sweet low voice. "My father was unwell, and sent for his old nurse, but he did not expect her to come out in such a night as this."

"But you will leave your name, sir. My father is a sailor, too, and he will want to thank you."

"No need of that, Miss. I only did as any one with the heart of a man would do. But your father knows me well enough—Captain George Manly.

Next day, while he was on the schooner, a boy came with a note from Captain Archer, requesting him to come up, and he was only too glad to avail himself of the invitation, though he would not acknowledge that he wished to get another glimpse of Myra Archer's beautiful face.

He went in the evening, and Captain Archer, somewhat recovered from his indisposition, received him with the bluff welcome which only sailors can give, and made him feel at home at once. Then Myra came in, radiant with beauty, and played melodies, mournful and gay, with a feeling and expression which the young sailor had never dreamed of.

"It is a terrible life you live," said Myra, softly. She was sitting upon a low stool, with her head resting on her father's knee. "I used to fall asleep nights, and when the wind rose I would be awake in a moment, thinking of dear papa."

He passed a pleasant evening, and after that found it convenient to drop into the captain's house during the winter evenings to play a game of chess with him. And when the captain was not at home—and it was astonishing how often that happened—he would sing duets with Myra. George had a magnificent voice, and they sang well together.

The winter wore away, and George had fitted out the Flying Arrow for her upward trip, when Captain Archer came down to the boat.

"You don't go out to-night, George?" he said.

"I think so. The wind turns at midnight, and I had better take advantage of it."

"Then you will have plenty of time. Where have you been for the last two weeks? Myra had something to tell you. I must do it myself. She is to be married to-morrow."

George turned his face quickly away, and looked steadily across the harbour for a moment before he could trust himself to speak a word,

"Isn't it rather sudden?"

"I wonder she never told you, for she always said if she could trust anybody on earth it was George Manly."

"I'm glad she likes me," said George, in a cold, dry tone. "I wish her every joy that can come to woman. She'll be a true wife to him, and she'll deserve all the love any man can give her."

"Why, you've got to come yourself, man. Do you think Myra would be married and you not there? Why, there isn't a man on earth she honours more than you, and I believe if she hadn't met Gale and been promised to him before she saw you, she would have given her heart to you without any doubt in her mind."

"No," said George, sadly. "No such luck. I—I don't think I can come. Say I wish them happy, but can't get away. I would if I could."

"I don't believe she will take 'no' for an answer," said the captain. "She'll send the carriage for you, sure."

And so she did, but George had disappeared, and none of the sailors appeared to know where he had gone. The carriage came twice, but each time he was away. Where was he? Crouched down in a secluded corner of the lumber-yard near at hand, fighting the battle with his true, honest heart.

"I could have loved her dearly," he said. "Life seems ended. And she asked me to come and see her married, the innocent child! She never knew how I loved her; never knew how my heart was crying out to her day and night. Oh, Myra! Myra."

He was so near the schooner that he heard the carriage come and go twice, and was glad it had not found him. Then his mood changed, and he felt that he must see her before she changed her maiden name, or die. He went to the schooner, threw off the blouse which he wore over his clothing, and went up. A servant met him in the hall.

"He's come! he's come!" she cried. "Oh, Mr. George, this will so please Miss Myra! She was almost crying because you would not come to see her married. And the carriage has just gone for you again."

"I suppose I could not see her before —before she is married?" faltered George.

"I'll ask," said the girl. "I know she'll come. Go into the parlour, and I'll send her down."

Soon there was a rustle of muslin, and Myra floated into the room, so full of beauty and light that poor George stood like one transfixed, gazing at her. Radiant! That was a tame word to describe such beauty as hers in her bridal dress. She gave him both hands in the hearty manner which had always characterised her treatment of him, and he took them in a clasp which made her start.

"You dear, good George," she said. "So you thought better of it, and came after all. I would never have forgiven you if you had stayed away—never, never."

"I am glad I came," he said softly. "It is better so—better, far better. I wish I knew the man you are to marry. He must be a good man to be worthy of you."

"How highly you think of me, George!" she said. "I do not deserve it at your hands; but I would rather have you think well of me than any man—except Gale—in the wide world. There, you must let me go, for the bridesmaids are calling me, and I am not quite ready. How do I look."

He gave her such a look that she needed no answer, but fled with glowing cheeks up the stairs. An hour after, George Manly stood in the shadow of the church aisle, and saw her standing with her lover, and had heard the solemn words fall from the lips of the divine: "And whom God hath joined together, let no man put asunder."

* * * * *

Two years passed, and the captain of the Flying Arrow was captain of a propeller. Those who knew him best were aware that he was pressed down by some great sorrow, but no one had known his grief except his mother. He had told her his story, and she fell upon his neck and wept for him, "as one whom his mother had comforted." But she was now at rest.

The propeller was passing out of the last lock in the Welland, and George was forward, watching her carefully, when passengers came on board. He had not time to attend to them then; but when the boat was fairly out of Dalhousie, and the mate could take care of her, he went into the dining saloon, for the dinner bell was ringing. They had few first cabin passengers that day, though the steerage was full

to overflowing. Most of these had already taken their seats, and George had begun to carve the meat, when the door leading to the ladies' cabin opened, and a gentleman came in, followed by a lady. The carving-knife dropped from George Manly's hand; for Myra stood before him, with the flush of happiness upon her cheek, and her eyes dancing with fun as they sought out George's face. They came forward, and he rose quickly, and greeted them as if they had been his brother and sister. Myra was unaffectedly glad to see him, and asked him questions of her old home, her father, and friends, and George answered her as well as he could. He could not see that she had changed in any respect—a little more matronly in figure, perhaps, but nothing more. Her eyes had the same old light in them which he remembered so well, and her voice was as sweet as ever. When dinner was over, Myra rose with an important air, and beckoned George to come.

"I have something to show you, sir. You are to come with me at once, and tell me what you think."

George followed her into the ladies' cabin. A nurse sat upon a sofa near the upper end of the cabin, holding in her arms a baby—Myra's child. The young mother was down upon her knees beside it, pressing her lips to the sweet mouth of the child, which crowed and stretched out its little hands to her.

"Why don't you speak to him, George," she said, pouting. "You don't hardly even look at him, you wicked creature, and you don't know what his name is."

"How could I know?" said George. "I hope he has a good name."

"He has the name of a good man and a brave one," she answered.

"Your father's?"

"George Gale Merrick. Now, what do you think of it? I would have it, George, because I want, when my little child is old enough to understand what I mean, to point him out a model, and I want no better one than I have found."

The little fellow was stretching out his hands to George, who could not resist the child's pleading gesture, and took the little fellow in his arms. His voice broke as he tried to speak.

"George," said Myra, "inexpressibly touched by the melancholy cadence of his voice, "why do you live a lonely life? There are dozens of girls I know who would be proud to be your wife."

"It can never be," he said gently. And the solemn waves seemed to take up and sound the melancholy words. Myra had never dreamed of the true solution of George Manly's sorrow.

The sun that night set in a blazing sky, but it was the wrong kind of red—a lurid, fiery glare. The sailors shook their heads, and looked significantly at each other. Myra, surprised by these strange glances, asked:

"What is the matter, George?"

"A capful of wind, yonder, perhaps—nothing to speak of. You go into your cabin and never mind it."

The wind began to rise in fitful gusts, and the steamer was rushing through the water at her best speed, the foam piling itself in white masses about her cutwater. Below her great heart throbbed and beat, while the firemen, smoke-begrimed and perspiring, piled wood into the furnace, and the engineer obeyed the order which came through the speaking tube to put on speed.

George called the first mate to his place, gave him his trumpet, and went into his cabin for a night-glass, when he was aware that someone was sitting on a stool in the forward cabin, looking out at the window, and trying in vain to pierce the thick darkness beyond.

"Who is this?" he said.

"It is I, George," said the musical voice he had so loved to hear. "I could not stay in the cabin among that crowd of frightened people. Let me stay here."

"If you like it better," he answered. "Where is the child, and Gale?"

"They are in the cabin. Gale is not afraid, and is trying to calm those poor frightened souls. He is a brave man, George."

"I know it," said George slowly. "I—"

For two hours they rushed on, and the storm subsided, when the mate came to him, and whispered in a horrified voice,

"We have sprung a leak!"

For a single instant the two men looked at each other in horrified surprise, and then George sprang for his trumpet. "To the pumps! Work with a will, men."

They worked as only men can work who are fighting for their lives. But, fast as they laboured, the water poured in faster than the pumps could draw it out. It gained inch by inch, and George hurried about, preparing the boats for the salvation of the passengers. The storm had subsided as quickly as it rose, but though they now rocked idly upon the waves, they felt that they were doomed.

"Get out the boats!" cried the sailors. "Pumps can't save us. The steamer must go down."

They made a rush for the boat on the starboard quarter, but George Manly stood before it, a revolver in his hand, and warned them sternly back: "I am captain of this boat yet, and my passengers shall be saved first, my crew next, myself last of all. But the man who lays a finger upon any of these boats, except I order it, is a dead man."

They quailed before the determined captain, and when he called to certain ones to help lower away the boat, they quietly obeyed him. One by one the frightened passengers descended, until there was only room left for four rowers and the mate, who was to command the boat. "Away with you," said George. "You've a compass, Watkins?"

"Ay, ay, Sir. God bless you captain!"

The boat pushed off, and the remaining one was lowered. It was larger than the one which had just left the steamer, but not large enough to hold all. George, with his own hand, placed Myra in the boat, and put the child in her arms. No one remained upon the steamer except Myra's husband and Manly. The sailors began to grumble.

"Come along, cap. She is getting heavy. But both of you can't come in this boat; she won't stand it."

"I know it," said George, calmly. "I am not going with you. Gale Merrick get into that boat. The steamer will not be afloat in fifteen minutes."

"I will not go," said Gale.

"You must," replied George, almost fiercely. "And before you go I want you to take this letter. When you know that I am dead give it to your wife. If I live, return it to me."

He thrust the sealed letter into the hands of the husband, and seizing him suddenly, forced him into the boat and cast off the painter. The boat and steamer parted in the darkness, and George Manly remained on the ill-fated craft, happy in the consciousness that he had heard her voice praying them to return and save him. He was glad they did not attempt it. The boat was loaded heavily already, and his weight would be too much. Climbing to the quarter-deck, he sat calmly down and awaited his fate. The last they saw of him, under the glare of the steamer's lamps, was his hand stretched out in a mute gesture of farewell. Living, no man ever saw his face again, and it was two days after when they found his body upon the sands. When he was buried, Myra's husband brought the package which this brave man forced into his hand upon that fearful night, and opened it. He had written hastily, in pencil,

"MYRA,—Farewell until the coming of a brighter morning. GEORGE."

Inclosed was a will, bequeathing all his property to Myra. He had made this will long ago, and carried it with him, directed to her. He had written in pencil beneath it, "Teach the little child to think kindly of the man whose name he bears." Myra never forgot that prayer, and in after days her son revered the memory of no man more than that of the young hero who died in the darkness that other lives might be saved.

A LEGEND OF CHRIST.

THERE is a singular legend connected with the village of Eusserthal, in Switzerland, which takes its name from a convent that was once celebrated, but has now completely disappeared. The choir of the convent church is, however, still left, and is used as a place of worship. Large stories are told in the village about the enormous wealth of the convent, especially about a certain

golden organ that once stood in the church, and was played during divine service. When the convent was on one occasion attacked by enemies, the first care of the monks was to secure this treasure. They dragged it to a marsh which was formerly in the valley, and sank it as deep as they could. However, they had saved their treasure to no purpose, inasmuch as they were compelled to fly, and died in distant parts, while the convent fell to ruins. Every one is perfectly aware that the organ is still somewhere in the neighbourhood of the church, but the precise spot where it lies is utterly unknown. Nevertheless, every seven years it rises out of the depths at midnight, and its sublime tones are heard in the distance. Nothing is at all comparable to the gentle breathings of the golden pipes in the open air during the solemn stillness of night. Soon the soft tones swell into mighty billows of sound, which rush through the narrow valley, until the noise again subsides, and ends with a light echo in the forest. But no one has ventured to obtain a sight of the organist who holds the music in his power, and thus the discovery of the treasure is reserved for the future. So the spirit of God once filled the avenues of our humanity in the soul of Jesus, mysteriously born, mysteriously taken from the world—the golden organ of celestial truth, and human capacity, and infinite love. And so, though buried deep by the thick selfishness and injustice of this world, that music once heard on the open day in far-off Palestine rises again and swells over the din of war, over crime, over slavery, over all hatreds and all wrong. We listen when its sweetness rolls thus, and rises and swells and sweeps, and we say that is truth, that is religion, that is the music to which our souls were attuned in heaven. Strive and pray, my brother, to bring your soul into accord with it, that it may in part be repeated through you, and widened beyond you, so that you may do something to help the world come into harmony with it, so that the very mountains shall break forth into singing, and all the valleys be filled with joy.—*Thomas Starr King*

THE BELIEF IN ONE GOD.

A MOST curious and interesting fact has been brought to light by the researches of learned men into the thought and religion of the past—viz., that the belief in a Supreme God has been and is almost universal. Professor Max Müller emphatically directs attention to this. No matter if the religion of a people seem to us full of gods and goddesses without number, still there is always found to lie deep at the root a belief in one God, the highest, who is over and above all. To this idea each religion, barbarous or cultivated, seems to tend, and often it may be traced beneath the superstitions which have overgrown and hidden it. Thus among the Greeks of old, was not Zeus the god of gods, and infinitely above the crowd of gods and goddesses? Among the Romans, Jupiter, the father of gods and men? In the mystical and little-understood religion of Egypt, Osiris stands forth as the embodiment of deity.

Sometimes this idea, always clear and bright in the mind of the founders of the great religions of the world, has been so overclouded that the thought of the Supreme Being has become dim and shadowy among their followers, as with the Chinese, who, below their worship of the spirits of their ancestors, have besides a belief in a greater God, the spirit of Heaven. One of their great teachers, Laotse, says: "There is an infinite Being, which existed before heaven and earth." But now the idea of Him has become dimmed and far off. Among kindred tribes, beneath the common belief in the spirits of nature and of their ancestors, there rises the belief in a higher power, sometimes called "the Father who resides in heaven, and is the Maker and Protector of the world."

Professor Max Müller beautifully shows how we may trace a common origin in the names by which the supreme God is designated, and that most of them had the meaning "Light," "Sky," the best name those ancient seekers after God could find to express the idea of Him, dimly fashioned in their minds. Any one who will read the works of that great scholar may trace out and perceive this for himself;

and if unaccustomed to such subjects, will find with wonder and astonishment how unanimous has been the mind of men on that one great and important truth. And so it is now, for, like one or two other great truths, really the germs of all religion, it seems implanted as an instinct in the soul, and springs up and shows itself, on careful investigation, among tribes who have been adjudged by less acute observers to have no religion. It is a wonderful and most comforting thought that those whom we have been accustomed to consider as heathens, and living in complete darkness of soul, have not been left without the elements of religion, sufficient to lead them to God, so that, as St. Paul says (at the same time that he quotes the words of the poet Aratus, "Full of Zeus are all the streets, all the markets of men; full of Him are the sea and the harbours . . . and we are also His offspring"), they may feel after and find Him who is not far from any one of us. M. R.

CHILD'S FAITH.

By Mrs. S. M. B. Piatt.

All beautiful tales, I trust, are true.
But here is a grave in the moss,
And there is the sky. And the buds are blue,
And a butterfly blows across.

Yes, here is the grave and there is the sky:
To the one or the other we go.
And between them wavers the butterfly,
Like a soul that does not know.

Somewhere? Nowhere? Too-golden head,
And lips that I miss and miss,
You would tell me the secret of the dead—
Could I find you with a kiss!

Come here, I say, little child of mine,
Come with your bloom and your breath,
(If he should believe in the life divine,
I will not believe in death!)

"Where is your brother?" I question low,
And wait for his wise reply.
Does he say—"Down there in the grave?"
Ah, no;
He says, with a laugh, "In the sky!"

REAL CHRISTIANITY.

BY G. K. SHAW.

Christianity is not a dogma concerning Jesus, but the faith of Jesus, the religion of which he was the inspired Teacher and Head, and to which he communicated so much personal force that naturally and inevitably it took on his title and enshrined his personality, until it is impossible completely to detach the teaching from the teacher. Every finest thread in his spiritual fabric was dyed in the mind of Jesus, and wears the colour of his unique personality; and no chemistry of modern criticism is subtle enough to bleach these personal hues out of the ideas, and give us a Christianity without a Christ which shall not be utterly colourless and lifeless too, because he is the witness that came to manifest its truth to the world. The fact that the majority of Christians have reversed the natural order, and have looked upon Christianity as a system of beliefs about Christ instead of the religion of Christ, neither alters its character, nor invalidates its claims, nor impairs the significance of the name which has served as the casket for holding all that was true and precious in the religion, even though it has caught and kept much that is neither.

Christianity is deeper and vaster and higher and more benign than any mere dogmatic representation of it, because it is not any mere set of doctrines about Jesus, but the faith of Jesus—a religion of which he was the most illuminated teacher and the divinest representative—a religion whose essential elements are love and obedience, faith in God, and helpfulness to men—a religion suited for all nations and races, and calculated to make whoever has it better and happier—so that we cling to it pertinaciously as the hope of the world, and do our utmost to make its name the synonym of all that is sweetest, holiest, most helpful, and most hopeful.

The religion of Christ, as expressed by his lips and life, is simply the love of God and of humanity — nothing more and nothing less; and this cannot be embodied in any system of doctrines, but only in the hearts and lives of in-

dividuals. Of all the creeds of Christendom, there may not be one that derives its authority from him; nor is belief in any of them an equivalent of his religion. Indeed, but for their incompatibility with each other, one might believe them all, and be filled with a fiery zeal for their propagation, and yet be in no proper sense of the word a Christian; while, on the other hand, the man who loves God and his fellow-men is a Christian practically, in the best and truest sense.

Most of our Churches and creeds contain more of Judaism than of Christianity; because many of them preach and practice the doctrine of an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth, more than the Christianity of love to enemies —overcome evil with good. All that is vital in Christianity, though ever new, is old as God Himself. "I came," said Jesus, "to bear witness to the truth;" thereby clearly implying that the truth did not originate with him, but had existed from all eternity. Creeds there are of human invention. They may be well enough if, in the spirit of Christ, they are calculated to advance the cause of truth. But all the duties inculcated by him are comprehended in this: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and thy neighbour as thyself."

To be a Christian, then, is to lead a true and noble life; to love God, and seek the welfare of humanity; to follow the example of Jesus in his purity, and in his allegiance to the truth in the face of danger and death; to love the principles which he set forth and illustrated in his life, and to labour with all our mind and strength to disseminate them throughout the world for the regeneration and redemption of the human race. Lacking this, we lack everything, and our zeal for or against doctrines, ceremonies, and rituals are "sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal."

History, in its darkest period, has never seen the time when real Christianity was purely and simply a system of doctrines. There has never been a time when the name "Christian" did not in some manner mean *doer* as well as *believer;* when kindness, faithfulness, honour, love were not associated with belief. Christianity has claimed these, whenever they existed, as its own. The nobility of centuries has called itself Christian. Almost every good thing that has been done in civilised countries has been done by the men and women who arrayed themselves beneath that banner. The great reforms have been claimed by Christendom. The blessed and beautiful names our lips have been taught to mention with reverence are written in the lists of Christian membership. Does all this sanctify the opinion? No! Does all this justify honest men in holding the name when it is made to stand merely for a system of opinions, and for the opinions they reject? No! But it *does* suggest the inquiry by what right the name is so misused and belittled. It *does* tempt one to ask, Who has the daring to cut us off from living association with all this nobleness, and to break the line of that splendid tradition of conscience which makes the generations one? It *does* prompt an indignant protest against the meanness that would claim for itself all the glory in the past of a goodness which it flouts in the present, and would deprive noble men and women, fighting life's hardest battle, of the aid they might derive from a consecrated faith and royal person.

Christianity involves a religion of human brotherhood, as it reveals the truth that all have one Father. The immediate object to be accomplished is the utter eradication of the idea that mere *belief* saves, and the substitution therefor of the idea that *character* saves —saves because it conforms to the teachings of Christ, who came to bear witness to the truth that will prepare us to *live.* That point gained, Christianity is redeemed. That point gained, it will be admitted that he is the Christian who does his whole duty by his fellow-men in this life. He is the Christian who, taking society as it is, does his best to live in it as a kind, patient, forbearing, helpful, hopeful man. He is the Christian who, accepting the world as constituted, falls in with its order, admires its beauty, loves its goodness, works for its advancement. He is the Christian who, troubling himself little with theories

of the universe, submits serenely to the regulation of the universe, and is sure that all will go well—if he be true.

EARLY HABITS.

It is a very old saying that youth is the time in which to form our habits, for as the twig is bent so is the tree inclined. But no new truth is truer than this, or more important, and every young person should look well to his or her habits. Old people often say, "That they might have made something in the world if they had only got started right." Once fairly started in any course, good or bad, it is hard to turn back. So, how much better it is to start right, and keep right, growing and adding all the time good things to your life. But as the tree is of more importance than the fruit, so what we are is of more worth than what we do; and our first thoughts should be as to our own hearts, our own desires. "Keep thy heart with all diligence, for out of it are the issues of life." Feel that God is your Father, and that you are responsible to Him for all you are, all you do and say, and learn to know and love Him through Christ, so that your highest desire will be to serve and please Him. And then the habits; God wants you to keep your bodies pure and healthy that they may be temples for His Holy Spirit to dwell in. Do not think too much of your eating, making the meal time the great time of your living. Do not all the time be eating, or indulge to excess at the table, thus filling your bodies with impurities and peevishness, and planting the seeds of gluttony. Be temperate; touch not tobacco or wine or liquor in any form, more than you would poison. Rise early, be industrious, and ever seeking God's truth. Love truth and principle more than all things else. Strive to be obedient to your parents in the Lord, and above all things follow the golden rule. Be generous and self-sacrificing. Think more about character than you do about persons. Live to love, to be free, to be intelligent, noble and generous. Live truly and naturally, and all will be well.—*Guiding Star.*

THE WEARIEST SOUL.

Frau Heidenburg, the pastor's widow, was teaching six little girls to make lace. It would have warmed your heart, though it was but a little leaden heart, could you have stood in the wide house-place and seen those six childish heads bending over the oblong lace cushions, and those six pair of dimpled hands twirling the gossamer threads around the pins. And if you could have looked into their bright eyes you would have said, "How lovely innocent eyes are! They are like a mountain spring or a summer sky. How beautiful it is to be young and unused to the world!"

"When I grow up," said a little one with linty locks, "I'll beat Hansei Gunter for setting his dog on my geese."

"When I grow up," said a tall one with honey-coloured braids, "I'll spite Maria Handel for saying my eyes are grey as her flannel frock. I'll never forget that, never."

"When I grow up," said one with funny freckles across her nose, "I'll do something dreadful to Brasig Meyre for breaking my doll, and if I can't do anything to hurt him, I'll never forgive him."

Now, it was only necessary to look into Frau Heidenburg's face to know that she was wise and kind. Grey hair waved about her delicately lined forehead and soft faded cheeks, and her eyes were bright and brown, and she always looked as if she was thinking of something beautiful and good.

"Children," said she, interrupting the little ones, "lay aside your work for a little while; I want to tell you a story I heard long ago in the days of my youth, and which your talk has brought into my mind."

When the six pair of busy hands lay folded in the six little laps, and it was so still in the room the ticking of the clock sounded almost as loud as the beating of the drum does at a fair, Frau Heidenburg began:

"There is a beautiful angel who stands night and day before the gate of Paradise to welcome the souls as they ascend from earth. He is never absent from his post for a moment; for

oh, how forlorn it would be for a poor soul who had just left all that he had known and loved, to enter even the city of our Lord, and not be welcomed!

"One day a spirit of the air, who had long watched the endless procession of the dead floating toward Heaven, came and stood before the angel of the gate, and veiling his dark, sad face with his great wings, he said:

"'Oh, angel and minister of love, long have I watched the souls who enter here. I have seen resignation, peace, and radiant joy on many faces, but sometimes I have seen another look which tells of weariness. Tell me, are men weary even here?'

"'No weariness is here,' the angel said. 'Ambition, selfishness, and pride are heavy burdens, and when carried till their owner lies down within the grave oft leave their shadow on the soul; but those who bear the look unspeakable have borne the weariest burden man can bear, a bitter burden made up of the remembrance of slights and wounds and injuries.'"

"Beware, my little ones," said Frau Heidenburg, "of beginning such a burden. Remember the look, or word, or act you think was meant to hurt you may have another motive, and that he who stores such things within his memory lays up a load that will make him one of the weariest souls that enter Heaven." ELIZABETH CUMINGS.

A WISH.

WHEN thou, O Death! shalt wait
Without my gate—
Call not the porter out
With knock and shout:
But still unnoticed bide
The gate beside,
Till sleep, my oft-time guest,
Doth come in quest
Of me. Quick after her,
Past bolt and bar,
Enter all silently.
Thenceforth for me
The gate thou mayest keep,
That calm-browed sleep,
So often missed before,
Pass forth no more.

H. E. ELLIOTT.

THE DYING SAVIOUR.

"I THIRST."

THIS was the last, or nearly so, of our Lord's exclamations on the cross. It was called forth by the extremest agony, and it marks the intensity of his sufferings, for burning thirst is the usual accompaniment of great pain. John alone, of all the Evangelists, records the utterance. The fact of his thus doing is indicative of his being an eye-witness of all that took place at the crucifixion, and of his being sufficiently near to hear what Jesus said, even to the end of his sufferings. The minuteness of the narrative gives it an inestimable value, because we have a conviction, which no sophistry can overturn, that "this is the disciple which testifies of these things, and wrote these things." Our heart's best feelings say further, "and we know that his testimony is true." No one, we are assured, save the beloved disciple, could have penned the Gospel which bears his name, and in this faith we rest with joyful confidence, for here we have the real words of the Lord Christ. John, we have said, was near to the cross. He, with the three Marys, stood by it, watching with the most intense emotion, the faint perspiring struggles of him on whose bosom he had leaned, and to him had been committed the solemn and sacred trust of the widowed mother, who must have felt, at that moment, that a sword had pierced through her own soul also. The senses of seeing and hearing would be strained to their utmost, and whilst a whisper might have been audible, a loud and startling cry burst on the ear —spasmodically uttered, "I thirst." It was a cry of torture of the intensest degree; it aroused even the soldiers, and it would be treasured in the memory of John to his latest day. No wonder that he has left it on record, for the words could never have been forgotten.

We have, perhaps, never attempted to realise to ourselves the death of crucifixion, for to do so would be a most painful exercise of the imagination. Yet we have been told, and no doubt truly, that it was one of the most

fearful which the perverse ingenuity of man ever devised. We read that he "endured the cross;" of "fellowship in his sufferings;" of being "crucified with Christ." These, and similar expressions, mean something; yet a great deal, for they point to physical anguish —intense and long continued—such as would seem to exceed the limits of human endurance. Now, not the least part of what was thus borne was thirst raging, consuming, torturing to the last degree—that which so much aggravates the pain of sabre and gunshot wounds, and which is so terribly experienced on the field when the battle is ended. "And David longed and said, 'Oh, that one would give me drink of the water of the well of Bethlehem.'" His wish was accomplished. The three mightiest men of his army, carrying their lives in their hands, broke through the armed hosts of the Philistines, and brought the water to their leader; but with a noble magnanimity the King refused to drink what might be regarded as the blood of his faithful servants, and this incidental part of his history goes far to reconcile this great warrior sovereign to our minds. So we have the beautiful story of Sir Philip Sydney, wounded and faint at the siege of Zutphen. He, like David, longed for water, which, as it was brought to him, was viewed with eager eyes by a dying soldier near. "Poor fellow," said the knight, "thy needs are greater than mine," and he ordered the cup to be given to the man. We cannot measure the worth of these sacrifices, having never been placed in such extremities; still less can we know what Jesus endured when he said, "I thirst." Yes, "those blessed feet were nailed for our advantage on the bitter cross," and on that cross he endured the very extremity of agony. His cry was that of tortured nature, *our* nature in every respect—*I thirst.* The words are consistent only with his simple humanity; every theory inconsistent with this Scriptural fact must be set at nought. We cannot for an instant conceive of a great pre-existent super-angelic being sending forth such a cry for exhaustion, far less, if possible, of one who was very God of very God—the second person in a Trinity, where none is before or after the other. But we do see one like ourselves—a man with all the innocent infirmities of men, and we exalt him the more thereby. He becomes thus infinitely dear to us. Even the two little words before us, "I thirst," tell of the love ineffable that was in him who laboured thus, and thus endured, who bore indescribable agony for us men and our Salvation. Speak not of him as an enthusiastic young carpenter, who fancied himself the Messiah! To us such language is impertinent, ill-considered, distressing. We repudiate it with all our heart and all our spirit. We look to the cross, we are drawn by its attraction. We see thereon the man of sorrows, but also the Lord of glory. There he is, maimed and mangled; but it ends all his mortal toils and pains. We enter into the reward that was set before him, and we hear the voice of the angel from the door of the sepulchre proclaiming, "He is not here; he is risen." We see to what a lofty height he has raised our common nature, and we are led to understand how perfection comes from suffering. Love is the motive throughout—love, pure and unselfish, with no alloy of earth; so we sit with John at the foot of the cross. We find it for the time good to be there, as profitable as if on the Holy Mount, for even there the discourse was of his coming humiliation, and thus suffering with him, we hope at length to reign with him. So shall we go, with increased interest, to his gospel. In that artless history we find a charm that no other can give, that which attracts youth and age, and which the more it is read the fresher it seems on each perusal, and which rivets the attention whilst it elevates the mind and betters the heart. Jesus died, and such a fearful death! The appeal through it is made to our inmost feelings. We are told of some who crucified him afresh by their sins. Let every sentiment of awe, of gratitude, of love prevent our falling into the same lamentable error. Let the Saviour's sufferings move us to contrition and repentance, that we may enter at last the Master's heavenly joy.

INTRODUCING THE BABY.

THE baby was born, the first baby, and the young couple, in the deep thankfulness of their hearts, were anxious to consecrate him to God, and wished for some religious service by which they might publicly express their gratitude for the blessing received, and their solemn, earnest wish and intention to train up their child as he ought to be trained.

They were new converts to Unitarianism; they no longer wished for the old rite of baptism to be pronounced over him, declaring him to be a child of wrath, and worthy of eternal punishment, until the few drops of water were sprinkled upon him; but still they did not like to pass over so great an event without some public religious service, by which to declare their little child to be one of the great Christian community into which he had been born, and one of the little Unitarian community to which they had lately joined; so that, as he grew up, he should feel pledged and bound to help in the warfare against sin and error, and that he might always know that from the very beginning he had belonged to the Unitarian household of faith.

They were new-comers to the neighbourhood, and were in humble life, so that few in the congregation knew them, but, of course, they knew the minister. The father called on him, and told his errand. The minister was only too glad to fall in with his wishes. He had often wished for such a service, and wished that his people would not keep their religious thankfulness so much to themselves on such an occasion. The mother wished to bring her baby as soon as it was three weeks old, but the minister had declared that he would not countenance the risk of bringing out so young a child, or a mother while yet so weak. So the baby was brought as soon as it was a month old.

It cried during the sermon, but its cry was so young and so weak, like a little kitten's, that the minister's voice drowned it as he compared us in our fretfulness and discontent, and unconsciousness of our heavenly Father's love, to the child who cries while lying in his mother's arms, quite unconscious that she is bending over him, and gazing at him with eyes of love and anxiety—eyes that shine with a light that is like nothing else in the heaven above or on the earth below. The little cry was soon hushed, and the baby dropped off to sleep, not knowing that he had served to point the moral and give force to his minister's words.

After sermon the minister gave out that after the hymn, and before the benediction, the baby would be presented to the congregation. While the last words of the hymn were dying away, he hastened down from his pulpit and stood in front of the congregation. Then the young father and mother came and placed themselves before him, and the old nurse carrying the all-important baby, stood between them. Then the minister said—

"Father and mother, I thank you for bringing your little one here, that we may know of the happiness that has befallen you, and may be glad with you. Give me the little child into my arms. Tell me his name. Let me show our little new member to all the congregation."

He took him and held him up in sight of all, and said—

"Friends, let me call upon you all to welcome and to notice this little John Brown. He has been brought here to-day without much regard to his own will. We must all take care to make things so pleasant to him that when he can choose he shall choose to come. Let me call upon you each one to help him so far as you can in his journey through life that he has so lately begun. In each of you let him meet a friend—from each of you let him receive a kind word. When he hears of any one of you, let him hear nothing but good associated with your names; so can you (even those who but seldom see him) help him to believe in virtue, and help him to keep his standard of goodness high. Let us all remember that this is our little new child. His father and his mother have brought him here that we may share in their happiness; that we may have a share in their new delight, and a share in their new re-

sponsibility. Our sharing in their happiness will not lessen their happiness, neither will our sharing in their responsibility lessen their responsibility. For each one of us is his brother's keeper, whether he will or no. If one goes wrong, a part of the blame lies at the door of every one round—so, on every one around is laid a part of the charge to see that he does not go wrong. Some of us will have to do it actively by constant care and watchfulness, talking to him and teaching him daily. Some of us will only see him occasionally, let them remember to use those occasions faithfully. Some, perhaps, may never see him again, but on them rests the responsibility of doing good deeds, that may set an example to others who will see him. Friends, I call upon you all to devote yourselves anew to the service of God and of goodness, that you may be worthy to receive this little one—this spirit fresh from God. Rejoice, and be glad, for unto us a child is born, and unto us a son is given. Father and mother, I call upon you to consecrate this little one to God, by every act and word of your future life, making your life holy, that his may be holy; your actions noble, that his may be noble. Keep his purity unsullied as long as you can, and cultivate his virtue betimes, that it may be ready as a guard when his purity is sullied (as, alas, one day it must be) by contact with evil, and by want of power to resist temptation."

A few words followed of kindly and serious exhortations and advice, such as were befitting from an experienced father to a father and mother of only one month's standing. Then the benediction was spoken on baby and all, and slowly and reverently they moved away.

The minister's wife took care to be at hand, and to prevent the little party from slipping out too quickly, so all down the aisle and in the large porch they were met by sympathising words from people who had never heard of them before, but were glad enough to show friendliness as soon as there was an occasion that broke the barriers of conventional silence and reserve. Grave folks offered their congratulations. Baby-lovers took the baby, and held it down for groups of admiring children to see, keeping the mother and nurse in a flutter of anxiety and pleasure, while their treasure was thus made much of and handled by strangers.

The congregation went home that day feeling that they had been drawn together by a new bond.

MY DYING CHILD AND MY RECOMPENSE.

BY MRS. J. F. CASE.

I'd kissed my darling o'er and o'er,
Upon her cheek and brow;
I did not dare to kiss her lips,
Her breathing 'twas so low.

She raised her beaming eyes to me
As tho' she fain would speak,
And murmured something very low,
Her voice it was so weak.

I drew my head nearer to hers,
She whispered in my ear—
One hand she laid on her pale lips—
"Kiss me, mother, kiss me here."

And then I knew she'd not forgot
My love and tender care;
Of the long, long weary days of toil
And nights I'd watched her there.

That grateful smile, that tender kiss,
Is worth the world to me;
And when I think of her and weep,
That look I always see.

'Tis sweeter recompense to me,
Than any words of love,
I'll keep it fresh in memory
Till we shall meet above.

Our loved ones die and only leave
Kind thoughts of them so true:
Death, like a skilful artist, brings
Their virtues back to view.

'Tis sweet to live, 'tis sweet to die,
And feel we'll have a home
Where these sad partings will be o'er,
And death can never come.

At the late Church Congress a remark of Mr. George Harwood excited some mirth. He said the Church of England reminded him of a strong man suffering from an attack of biliousness — skin, sensitive; temper, sour; eyes, jaundiced. There was only one cure—good exercise.

WAYSIDE GATHERINGS.

EFFICACIOUS.—A doctor recently gave the following prescription for a sick lady: "A new bonnet, a cashmere shawl, and a silk dress." The lady entirely recovered.

SURVIVAL OF THE FITTEST.—A preacher truly says, "The Bible is the survival of the fittest. Our better acquaintance with other Scriptures only enhances our respect and love for this Book of books."

QUOTING SCRIPTURE. — The negro preachers are apt to think that all good proverbs are from the Bible. A friend who sometimes attends church where coloured preachers officiated hears some astounding quotations from the Bible. Perhaps the most remarkable was this: "The Lord God Almighty has said, 'Let every tub stand on its own bottom.'"

POPULAR ERRORS.—It is a popular error to mistake that *length* is the only dimension of a sermon. A man said to a minister, "Your sermons are too short." Said the minister, "If you will practice all I preach you will find them quite long enough." A sentence may be a sermon. It is too true that some sermons are tediously long, yet even in some of those cases it should be remembered that there are bad hearers as well as bad preachers. The man in the front pew (of any church) who holds down his head or trifles with his prayer-book during the sermon, will be a trouble to the best preacher. There should be at least one electrical hearer in every church. The preacher will soon find him out. It is a common error to suppose that a church is dead because it is not making a noise. Some people would keep up a continued round of tea meetings, bazaars, Dorcases, holiday makings, and trumpet-blowings, and advertise the same as signs of spiritual life. Some judicious man once drew a distinction between perspiration and inspiration. He must have had his eye upon the people in question. Spiritual life is generally quiet. There may be periods of intense excitement, but they cannot last. We should remember that the river is not deepest where it is noisiest. It is a popular error to suppose that a gig can go on one wheel. The minister must have the co-operation of his hearers. They must be workers together. The minister cannot beg and organise and visit and preach and preside—get up bazaars, establish societies, collect for chapel debts, tell anecdotes at sewing meetings, and reconcile all the differences which arise between two and ninepence and half-a-crown. He is called to preach the Gospel—work enough for the strongest powers. Let him be encouraged and honoured in his holy vocation.—*Dr. Joseph Parker.*

THE WORK OF THE SECULARISTS. The Secularists vow they will put an end to this thing called Christianity. So:

"There was an old man who said, 'Fools,
I'll put down your railroads and schools!'
So he got in the way of the engine one day,
But the train did not stop, nor the schools."

VACUUM BRAKES.—The papers state that the Great Northern train known as the "Flying Scotsman" express, which leaves King's Cross at ten o'clock in the morning, and is due in Newcastle at five minutes past four in the afternoon, is fitted with a continuous vacuum brake. The most of us are aware, and sadly aware, of the fact, that there are more vacuum brakes in the world than on the Great Northern Railway.

WHOM TO SHOOT.—There was muc hgrim humour in the sportsman who admonished his son on the occasion of that youth's first "outing" with a party after grouse—"Don't shoot that tall gentleman, for he is my banker; nor that spare, slight one, for he is my broker; but, if you must pepper somebody, let it be yonder fat and hearty parson—his curate preaches better sermons then he does, and has all the hardship, and scarcely any of the emoluments."

A SHARP REBUKE.—A clergyman was recently annoyed by people talking and giggling. He paused, looked at the disturbers, and said, "I am always afraid to reprove those who misbehave, for this reason. Some years since, as I was preaching, a young man who sat before me was constantly laughing, talking, and making uncouth grimaces. I paused and administered a severe rebuke. After the close of the service a gentleman said to me: 'Sir, you have made a great mistake. That young man was an idiot.' Since then I have always been afraid to reprove those who misbehave themselves in chapel, lest I should repeat that mistake and reprove another idiot." During the rest of the service there was good order.

THE following are the terms for supplying the CHRISTIAN FREEMAN:—

	s.	d.
1 copy, per year	2	0
2 copies „	3	6
3 „ „	4	6
5 „ „	6	0

Twelve copies and upward at 1d. per copy, post free.

Communications to be addressed to the Rev. R. SPEARS, 19, Mornington-road Bow-road, London, E.

Printed by GEORGE REVEIRS, (successor to SAMUEL TAYLOR), Graystoke-place, Fetter-lane, London, and the trade supplied by EDWARD T. WHITFIELD, 178, Strand, London.